Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewde thou makeſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prin. O God they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I harkened to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world
And ſaude the trecherous labour of your ſonne.
Kin. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawſey. *Exit K.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prin. Why then I ſee a very valiant rebell of that name,
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keepe not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Now ſhall it Harry, for the howre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee
And all the budding honours on thy creſt,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falſtalffe.

Fal. Well ſaid Hal, to it *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall find no boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falſtalffe, he fals downe, as if he were dead, the prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haſt robd me of my youth
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me,

They

They wound my thoughts, wor
But thought's the ſlaue of life, a
And time that takes ſuruay of all
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could pr
But that the earth, and cold han
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, t
And food for
Prin. For wormes, braue Per
Ill weau'd ambition, how much
When that this body did conta
A kingdome for it was too ſma
But now two paces of the vileſt
Is roome enough: this earth th
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentl
If thou wert ſenſible of curte
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſh
But let my fauours hide thy ma
And euen in thy behalfe, ile th
For doing theſe faire rites of ter
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee
But not remembred in thy epit

He ſpieth Falſtalffe

What, old acquaintance, could
Keepe in a little life? poore Jack
I could haue better ſpard a be
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe
If I were much in loue with va
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire
Though many dearer, in this b
Imbowelde will I ſee thee by a
Till then in bloud by noble P

Falſtalffe ri

Fal. Imboweld? if thou imbo
to powder me, and eate me too
to counterfeit, or that hot term
lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am
counterfeit, for he is but the co